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NO. 87. NOVEMBER, 1892.

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CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG SHOOTERS.

LUNCH (continued).—Perhaps the best piece of advice that I can give you, my young friend, is that—for conversational purposes—you should make a careful study of the natures and temperaments of your companions. Watch their little peculiarities, both of manner and of shooting; pick up what you can about their careers in sport and in the general world, and use the knowledge so acquired with tact and discretion when you are talking to them. For instance, if

one of the party is a celebrated shot, who has done some astonishing record at driven grouse, you may, after the necessary preliminaries, ask him to be good enough to tell you what was the precise number of birds he shot on that occasion. Tell him, if you like, that the question arose the other day during a discussion on the three finest game-shots of the world. If you happen to know that he shot eighteen hundred birds, you can say that most people fixed the figure at fifteen hundred. He will then say,—"Ah, I know most people seem to have got that notion—I don't know why. As a matter of fact, I managed to get eighteen hundred and two, and they picked up twenty-two on the following morning." Your obvious remark is, "By Jove!" (with a strong emphasis on the "by") "what magnificent shooting!"

After that, the thing runs along of its own accord. With a bad shot your method is, of course, quite different. For example:—

Young Shot. I must say I like the old style of walking up your birds better than driving, especially in a country like this. I never saw such difficult birds as we had this morning. You seemed to have the worst of the luck everywhere.

Bad Shot. Yes—they didn't come my way much. But I don't get much practice at this kind of thing—and a man's no good without practice.

Y. S. That was a deuced long shot, all the same, that you polished off in the last drive. When I saw him coming at about a hundred miles an hour, I thanked my stars he wasn't my bird. What a thump he fell!

B. S. Oh, he was a fairly easy shot, though a bit far off. I daresay I should do well enough if I only got more shooting. I'm not shooting with my own gun, though. It's one of my brother's, and it's rather short in the stock for me.

That starts you comfortably with the Bad Shot. You soothe his ruffled vanity, and give him a better appetite for lunch.

Now, besides the Good Shot, and the Bad Shot—the two extremes, as it were, of the line of shooters—you might subdivide your sportsmen further into—

(1) *The Jovial Shot.* This party is on excellent terms with himself and with everybody else. Generally he shoots fairly well, but there is a rollicking air about him, which disarms criticism, even when he shoots badly. He knows everybody, and talks of most people by nick-names. His sporting anecdotes may be counted upon for, at any rate, a *succès d'estime*. "I never laughed so much in my life," he begins, "as I did last Tuesday. There were four of us—Old SANDY, BUTCHER BILL, DICK WHORTLEBURY, and myself. SANDY was driving us back from Dillwater Hall—you know, old

PUFFINGTON's place—where we'd been dining. Devilish dark night it was, and SANDY's as blind as a bat. When we got to the Devil's Punchbowl I knew there'd be some warm games, 'cos the horse started off full tilt, and, before you could say knife, over we went. I pitched, head first, into DICK's stomach, and SANDY and BILL went bowling down like a right and left of rabbits. Lord, I laughed till the tears ran down my face. No bones broken, but the old BUTCHER's face got a shade the worst of it with a thorn-bush on the slope. Cart smashed into matchwood, of course."



—"ANIMIS CŒLESTIBUS IRÆ!"

A MODERN SCIENTIFIC DISCUSSION.

Miss Fanny (a gentle and most voracious Child). "YAH! YOU CRUEL COWARD! YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS SKINNED A LIVE FROG!"

Master Victor (an industrious but very touchy little Boy). "YOU'RE A LIAR! THE FROG WAS DEAD, AND YOU KNOW IT!"

Miss Fanny. "BOOHOO! WHETHER IT WAS DEAD OR NOT, YOU'VE GOT NO RIGHT TO CALL NAMES; 'COS I'M A GIRL, AND CAN'T PUNCH YOUR HEAD!"

Master Victor. "IT'S JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE A GIRL THAT I CAN'T PUNCH YOURS! YOU SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THAT BEFORE YOU CALLED ME A COWARD!"

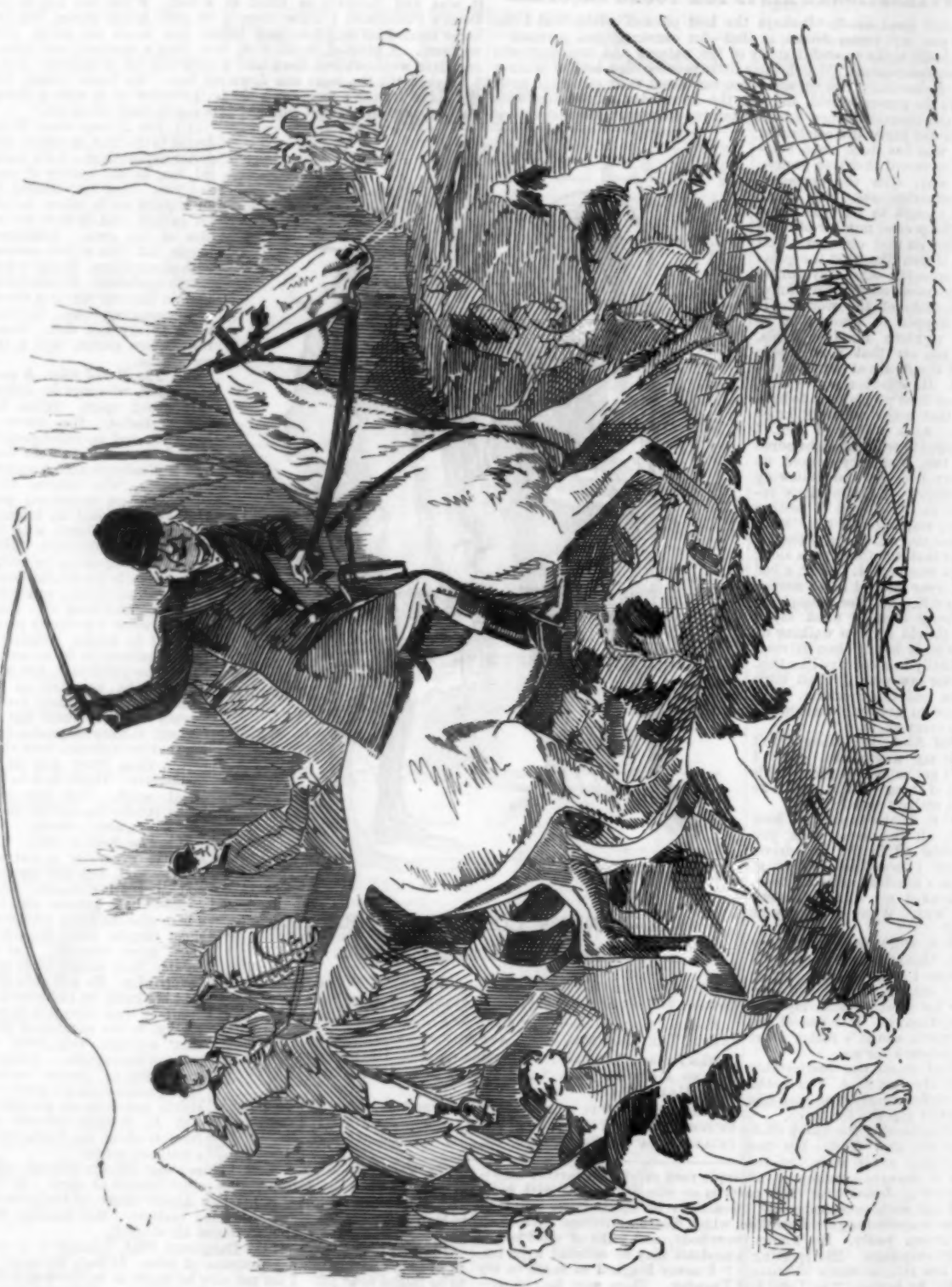
(5) *The Average Shot.* Talk to him about average matters, unless you hear he is a celebrity in some other branch of sport. In that case, get details from him of his last Alpine climb, or his latest run to hounds, or ask his views on racing matters. Most average shots go racing, and think they understand all about it.

I say nothing here about the Dangerous Shot, because it is never right to get within talking distance of him. In fact, he ought not to be talked to at all. I am not sure he ought to be allowed to live. Still, his exploits furnish material for many an animated conversation amongst the survivors.

(2.) *The Dressy Shot.* Wonderful in the boot, stocking, and gaiter department. Very tasteful, too, in the matter of caps and ties. May be flattered by an inquiry as to where he got his gaiters, and if they are an idea of his own. Sometimes bursts out into a belt covered with silver clasps. Fancy waistcoats a speciality. His smoking-suit, in the evening, is a dream of gorgeous rainbows. Is sometimes a very fair shot. Generally wears gloves, and a fair moustache.

(3.) *The Bored Shot.* A good sportsman, who says he doesn't care about sport. Often has literary tastes. Has views of his own, and is, consequently, looked upon as a rather dangerous idealist by honest country gentlemen, who confine their reading to an occasional peep at the *Times*, and an intimate quoting acquaintance with the novels of Mr. SURTESS. Often shocks his companions by telling them he really doesn't care much about killing things, and would just as soon let them off. However, he shows a perfectly proper anger if he misses frequently. Is not unlikely to be an authority on sheep and oxen, and may, perhaps, be accepted as the Conservative Candidate for his County division, dumb but indignant County magnates finding that he expresses their views better than they can do it themselves. Don't talk to him about sport. Try him with books, interesting articles in the *Magazines*, and so forth.

(4.) *The Soldier Shot.* This kind is generally a Captain, dresses well, but not gaudily, and smokes big cigars. There seems to be a general idea that a man who can teach privates to shoot targets must be able to shoot game himself. Yet the Soldier Shot misses birds quite beautifully. He will have often shot big game in India with an accuracy that increases in proportion to the number of miles that separate him from the scene of his exploits. After all, the ability to "brown" a herd of elephants does not guarantee rights and lefts at partridges. Apt to declaim tersely and forcibly about the hardships of a military career.



THE CABINET MEET.



A BUCKJUMPERISH SENSATION.

[It is rumoured that some of BUFFALO BILL's Broncos have been bought by the Cab Proprietors of London.]

Cabby. "SIT STILL, SIR! THIS AIN'T NOTHIN' TO WOT 'E CAN DO. YOU'LL SEE 'IM TURN 'EAD OVER 'ERLS PRESENTLY!"

A QUESTION OF POLICE;

Or, What it may come to.

SCENE—Trafalgar Square just before sunset. Police in abundance; number of Processionists in various parts of the open space seen to be dispersing.

Police Inspector. Now, my good friends, I am going to be as polite as possible, but I must obey the regulations of the Commissioners of Her Majesty's Works and Public Buildings. And I say you cannot speak, because you have not given proper notice to the authorities.

First Orator. But I have—I tell you I wrote to the Commissioner four days ago.

Pol. In. Oh, did you? Then that of course alters the case. What are you, Sir?

First Or. I am the "Friends of the Horny Hands of Labour."

Pol. In. (after referring to note-book). Ah, I thought I was right. Your application came in second, Sir—the "Decayed Washerwomen" got in before you. Look here. (Pointing out regulation.) "Not more than one Meeting shall be allowed at the same time, and if notices of two or more Meetings are given for the same day, preference shall be given to that Meeting of which notice shall have been first received." So you see, Sir, you are not in it. Better luck next time. There is another Bank Holiday six months hence.

First Or. But the "Decayed Washerwomen" are not here, and I—

Pol. In. Very sorry, Sir, but you must move on. (First Orator disappears with grumbling followers.) I say, BILL, I do really think these regulations are working quite pleasantly.

Bill (a subordinate). Yes, Sir.

Second Orator. (entering hurriedly, accompanied by some aged females). Here, I say, where are we to make speeches?

Pol. In. (genially). Nowhere, unless you have the proper authority. Who may you be when you are at home?

Second Or. (fussily). Why, the "Decayed Washerwomen," to be sure. Now, look sharp, and find us a place to deliver speeches. You know you must do it, by order of the—

Pol. In. Yes, I know. Well, what do you say to the top of that lamp-post?

Second Or. Now, none of your chaff. Mind, you are the servants of the public, and—

Pol. In. Yes—but don't deliver a speech to me—I am not a "Decayed Washerwoman."

Chorus of Indignant Females. We should think not. It would be a good thing if you were!

Second Or. Now, look sharp. We have been longer coming than we expected. The cabs and omnibuses were so troublesome. Now, where shall I stand?

Pol. In. (considering). Well, I think you would be out of the way if you got up there, and spoke to them down below.

[Points out elevated position in front of the National Gallery.]

Second Or. But they won't be able to see, much less to hear me!

Pol. In. Can't help that. The Commissioners of Her Majesty's Works and Public Buildings don't provide telescopes nor yet ear-trumpets.—Bill (saluting). Sunset, Sir!

Pol. In. There, you see! Thought you would be too late. Time's up. Glad to see you another day. But now—move on!

[And the Police Regulations are obeyed. Curtain.]

THE GOOD OLD (SUNDAY) TIMES REVIVED.—The specimen number of *The Sunday Times* as it was at its commencement in 1822, given on Sunday, October 23rd, 1892, is most interesting. Theatrical advertising was quite "a feature" at that time, when only two Theatres, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, seem to have advertised. The names there are of EDMUND KEAN simply as MR. KEAN, of Messrs. DOWTON, HARTLEY, YOUNG, MUNDEN, MRS. GLOVER, and of Madame VESTRIS as Ophelia. BRAHAM is there, as also LINTON and Miss STEPHENS. Prize Fights are done in the good old Tom-and-Jerry style, and the Police Reports are made so amusing as to suggest that such a light touch as is occasionally given in the "Day by Day" of the *Daily Telegraph*, might be nowadays welcome in (Police) Court News. Altogether, a happy thought to reproduce the *Sunday Times* of 1822, and may the *Sunday Times* of 1892 live up to it, and be "going strong" in 1992! *Prosit!*

GUY-FOX POPULI.

THE proceedings of the Midnight Mass Meeting of Unemployed Guys at Vauxhall on the fifth of November were of a somewhat disorderly nature, several of the speeches being characterised by a distinctly incendiary tone, as will be seen from the following account by Mr. Punch's Special Reporter, who was present throughout.

The Chair-guy (whose appearance was comparatively respectable) said he was proud to occupy the chair—notwithstanding that the bottom was out of it. (*Shame!*) Oh, he was used to that, although he could tell the meeting he had driven his own donkey-cart once upon a time, if he had come down to a wheelbarrow now! (*Cries of "Tuff!" and "Aristocrat!" from the more extreme Guys.*) He did not understand those expressions of disapproval—a wheelbarrow with one leg missing was surely an unostentatious conveyance enough. Well, they had met that evening to discuss the means to be taken to obviate the depression in the important branch of out-door industry in which, if he did not mistake, they were all interested. (*Hear, hear!*) That such depression existed, and was on the increase, there was, unhappily, no doubt—it was becoming more and more difficult, as they knew without his telling them, for the steadiest Guy to maintain himself in a proper position, without extraneous support. He knew, for a fact, that there were hundreds of Guys at that very moment who, when their present job was over, would find themselves—through no fault of their own—thrown out of employment for another twelvemonth, at least. Did they call that justice? (*No! and groans.*) The whole system was iniquitous—the question was, how they were to put a stop to it. He invited suggestions from the Audience.

A Guy said that, in his opinion, their decline was entirely due to their inability to supply themselves with the apparel necessary and suitable to their calling. What were their duties? Why, to keep alive the memory of their famous Founder, the author of the great, and never-to-be-forgotten Gunpowder Plot—he need hardly say he alluded to GUNPOWDER FAWKES! (*Enthusiastic and prolonged cheering.*) He was no scholar himself—he had never enjoyed a University education—and he did not pretend to be an authority on historical costume. Still, he felt safe in asserting that a Guy who, like himself, was compelled to represent their glorious Predecessor in an old tail coat, a pair of baggy tweed trousers, and a pot hat with a hole through the crown, did so under a cruel disadvantage. He had heard that, in former times, every Guy was sent out provided, as a matter of course, with a dark lantern and a box of matches. Who ever saw a Guy so equipped nowadays? They had been robbed of the very implements of their trade by the grasping greed of their so-called superiors. (*Shame!*) In his opinion every Guy had a right to be furnished with the correct costume of the period—whatever that might be—at the public expense. (*Loud cheers.*)

A Guy in a Cooked Hat said he did not think the previous speaker had mentioned the real cause of their fallen fortunes—their clothes were right enough; they had to thank their own shortsighted policy for their present position—yes, he was there to speak plainly, as Guy to Guy, and he told them that it was nothing short of social suicide for a Guy to carry about a placard, such as he saw too many of them wearing that evening, inscribed with the name of a recent murderer or some other popular but ephemeral favourite. (*Some murmuring.*) That was not the way to preserve the name and fame of their revered Chief. No; let every Guy be true to himself and his order, let him indignantly refuse to sully his descent by such vulgar and unworthy devices, and then—(*Uproar, amidst which the Speaker was compelled to resume his seat.*)

A Guy in a Blue Mask, who carried a placard bearing the name of the Ex-Premier, described the remarks of both his brother Guys as pestilential drivel. It was not clothes that made the Guy. A Guy was a Guy in any guise! (*Loud cheers.*) But no Guy ever rose in the world yet without combustibles of some sort inside him, and how many of them ever knew what it was to get their fill of crackers? They were starving amidst an abundance of squibs! Society was responsible, and must be forced to do its duty. He had had enough of it, he meant to get a good blow-out before he was much older, he could tell them, and if the Government refused to provide it free, he must look a firework factory, that was all—he was ready to lead the way—if they would follow! (*Applause.*)

A Guy in a Yellow Mask said he was in favour of proceeding by peaceable and constitutional methods if possible. Much could be

done by organising and bringing their grievances before Parliament, with a view to remedial legislation. They might begin by agitating for the Franchise. "One Guy, one vote!" would be a popular cry just now, when some Electoral Reforms were believed to be in contemplation. Fortunately they had a Home Secretary whom they might reasonably hope to find sympathetic—he thought they should ascertain his views before taking any other steps.

A Guy in a Pink Mask said he had organised till he was sick of it. As for the Home Secretary, he happened to have headed a deputation to the Home Office that very afternoon—and what did the Meeting

think was the result? Why, the Home Secretary had declined to receive him! (*Shame!*) Ah, he might call himself a Radical—but did he treat a Guy as a Man and a Brother? Did he recognise that, creatures of rags and shavings as they were, they had their feelings? Not he! they were all alike, these politicians, directly they got into office. How long, he asked them, were Guys to be chivied, and harried, and moved along into back-

streets by the brutal minions of a corrupt middle-class? If they wanted to get their rights, they must make themselves a nuisance to the Authorities, like other people. It was all very fine to talk about the Franchise, and "One Guy, one vote!" and all the rest of it, but they all knew that Home Rule blocked the way at present. They must go to Trafalgar Square in their thousands; it was the finest place for a bonfire in all London, and they had been kept out of it long enough. He meant to go, if he had to be carried there! (*Loud cheers.*)

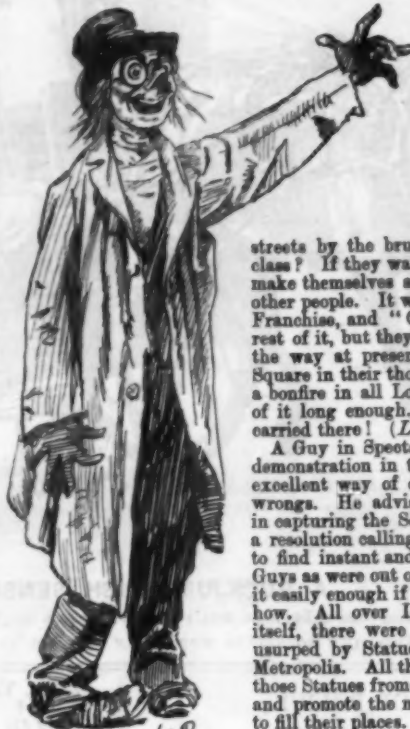
A Guy in Spectacles and a Tall Hat, said that a demonstration in the Square would, no doubt, be an excellent way of drawing public attention to their wrongs. He advised that when they had succeeded in capturing the Square, they should proceed to pass a resolution calling upon the London County Council to find instant and permanent employment for such Guys as were out of work. (*Cheers.*) They could do it easily enough if they liked, and he would tell them how. All over London, nay, in the very Square itself, there were innumerable pedestals at present usurped by Statues which were a disgrace to the Metropolis. All the Council had to do was to remove those Statues from positions they had so long abused, and promote the most deserving and destitute Guys to fill their places. (*Uproar.*)

A Guy in Fustian and a Red Comforter rose excitedly to protest against the last speaker's proposals, which he declared were an insult to their common Guyhood. They might have come down in the world, but hitherto, whatever might be said of them, they had, at least, never rendered themselves publicly ridiculous. Now they were asked to degrade themselves by accepting the ignominious position of London Statues! Was there a Guy who would ever hold up his head again, after such an infamous surrender of his self-respect and independence? He felt it his duty to denounce the Guy who was guilty of such a suggestion as a wolf in sheep's clothing, a base traitor to his order, and a paid spy!

[*Intense excitement; charges and countercharges, and vain attempts by the Chair-guy to restore order. Several Guys, unable to control their indignation any longer, exploded, and the Meeting finally dispersed without attempting to pass any resolution, amidst a scene of indescribable confusion.*]

A PATRON OF THE GAIETY THEATRE AND MODERN VARIETY EXTRAVAGANZA SHOW ANTICIPATED BY CHARLES DICKENS.—"There's a lot of feet in SHAKESPEARE's verse, but there ain't any legs worth mentioning in SHAKESPEARE's Plays. . . . What the people call dramatic poetry is a collection of sermons. Do I go to the theatre to be lectured? No, PIP. If I wanted that, I'd go to church. What's the legitimate object of the Drama, PIP? Human nature. What are legs? Human nature. Then let us have plenty of leg-pieces, PIP, and I'll stand by you, my buck!" — *Martin Chuzzlewit.*

N.B.—This is the Pip of our puzzle to Dickensian Students last week. The reference, chapter and verse, was given immediately by Mr. COMYNS CARR, who, on the spot received his reward, and went away rejoicing. We regret that there are no second and third prizes, otherwise Messrs. WALTER WREN and VAN TROMP would have been "placed."—ED.



"A Guy in Spectacles and a Tall Hat."

REFRESHERS.

"The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE said, 'The extent to which Refreshers are carried in these days makes my historical mouth water. In my younger days at the Bar'—"



(One for Song.)

"In my younger days at the Bar, 'Tra la la la!' &c.

THE NEW BROOM, AND THE BLACK PEERAGE.

(Rhyme by a Rad.)

[Lord SALISBURY, in his article in the *National Review* for November, makes fun of Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON's assertion that the Government could, at a pinch, secure a majority in the Upper Chamber by elevating five hundred Sweeps (which Lord S. calls the "Black Peerage") to the House of Lords, with the assent of the Crown.]

FIVE HUNDRED? Good gracious! there's no need of that.

"Black Peerage," indeed! Though as black as my hat,

They could hardly be blacker than SALISBURY's lot; [rot.

But to talk of such sooty recruits is sheer That bad Upper House to reform—or degrade—

We don't want the charge of this queer Five hundred? FRED HARRISON, you are a green one!

I'd settle the business with one sweep—a clean one!

THE COURT JESTERS.

THANKS to Messrs. SIMS and RALEIGH and the Court Company for a good hearty laugh, and many of them at their new three-act farcical comedy, *The Guardsman*. It Raleigh is good, and Sims likely to be in for a long run.

Therefore, congratulations to Mr. CHUDLEIGH, who is in the proud position of "Sole Lessee and Manager," of the Court. Odd, as a correspondent remarked in a letter to *Mr. Punch* last week, is the coincidental resemblance of the master-motive of the plot to that of *Incognita* at the Lyric; viz., the young man refusing to marry the girl with whom he is really in love, because he is in love with the very same young lady without knowing her name or anything about her. But hath not the old Spanish Comedy-writer, GONZALES, used it three times? hath not his fellow-countryman, VEGA MOTRERA, used it in his now obsolete play of *The Distressed Mother*? and hath not VODENDOL, the Norwegian dramatist, absolutely nauseated us with it, not to mention its constant use by that imitation of GOLDONI, Count ERMITO D'ALUMINO? And to come nearer home, did not the German—but why pursue the "motive" until you run it to



An Inhabitant of Noah's Ark.

earth, and even then it won't be killed, but will be flourishing through the sands of years hence, when the New Zealand playwright among the ruins of London shall take up his note-book and commence a scenario on the old, but to him, quite original idea.

Then, in the last Act of *The Guardsman*, if we have a French room with half-a-dozen doors, leading to half-a-dozen different places, with which arrangement not a few of us are familiar in pieces brought over fresh from the Palais Royal, and occurring in farces of which *Bébé*, *Anglicé Betsy*, at the Gymnase and Criterion is a type, shall we complain? Shall we not rather laugh heartily over the good old game of Hide-and-Seek, which on the stage is invariably the cause of much amusement to one person for whom, at all events,



Arthur Cecil's Collard Head à la G. O. M.

I can answer? What does it matter if to some it recalls a few farcical comedies—all excellent material? Not a bit! I gather from the genuine laughter and applause of the crowded house at the Court, that this amuses—and will continue to amuse some hundreds nightly, as long as it is all done so well, and at such high pressure, as it is now in *The Guardsman*. The First Act is good; the Second is the best; but the Third is like the last figure in an after-supper early-in-the-morning lancers, ending in a whirligig galop, when everything is fast and furious, and just the tune and its measure taken *prestissimo* and *fortissimo* keep the couples going till everybody is breathless and exhausted.

WEDDON GROSSMITH is excellent. In brief, he plays the part of a thorough donkey, who wishes to appear "horsey." ARTHUR CECIL is admirable as the Ex-Judge of the Divorce Court—suggesting the idea of a gay old gentleman, who is still a bit of a dog—but a dog who has had his day. If this is not his character, how is it he is on such friendly terms with the *Modists*, carefully played, and with great spirit too, by Miss AGNES THOMAS? Mr. ELLIOT is all go and bustle; if he were not so, pop would go the piece. The make-up of Mr. LITTLE for the old Captain is uncommonly good; it is a small part, but, with a LITTLE in it, it is big. Mr. NAMBY, as the Irishman, *Miles*, first-rate; quite *Miles gloriosus*. But I can't go on with praise, they're all so good, and ELLALINE TERRISS charming. Miss CAROLINE HILL, fresher than the proverbial paint, makes a rattling part of *Lady Jones*, and, as the motto of this Company is that of Racing Eight's, "Swing, swing together!"—which might, in another sense, have been the refrain sung by a brazen band of Highwaymen in the good old times—it is likely that they'll keep the Court-Boat going the pace, with the tide of popular favour, for many months to come.



Miss Ellaline Terriss with her Special Train—to be continued in our next.

As a Postscript, I may add a letter on the subject addressed to *Mr. Punch*.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Oct. 26th.

In the admirable letter of "AN OLD SOLDIER" in your paper this week, there are a few unimportant errors—due, no doubt, to your Correspondent's age, and the shortness of memory consequent upon it—that mar, in a measure, the trenchant force of his criticism. I feel sure he will pardon my reminding him that the Coldstream Guards do not wear varnished or patent-leather boots with a tunic, except in "Levee dress;" that Mr. CHARLES WARNER did not play a private soldier in "the same distinguished regiment," but in the Grenadiers; that a Captain could never, by any possibility be "on guard" at the Tower; that the officer on duty at the Tower is called the "Piquet," and not the "Orderly" officer, and is never a Captain; that no Guardsman has ever, in the memory of man, worn a "scarf" in uniform; and that no soldier, worthy of the name, considers the mess of his own Battalion "an odd sort of place to dine at," even "in the height of the Season."

I may add that my mother tells me she has often had her Court-dress altered on the very morning of the "Drawing-Room." With these few trifling exceptions, "AN OLD SOLDIER's" letter is most accurate and just.

I am, Dear Mr. Punch,

Your enthusiastic Admirer, A PRESENT GUARDSMAN.

"HERE WE ARE AGAIN!"—Last Friday, a Correspondent of the P. M. G., on board the *Angola*, interviewed "the Marine-mystery, the Sea-serpent," off the West Coast of Africa. It showed "two tremendous green eyes." The narrator counts upon there being a considerable amount of green in the eyes of those who don't happen to be Sea-serpents—unless after using very strong glasses (hot) and plenty of 'em.

"WE ARE NOTHING IF NOT CORRECT."—In last week's number the title of Picture, p. 193, should have been "Studies in *Contrapuntal* (not 'Continental') Perspective;" and at p. 201, in EFFIE's reply to the Governess, "AN" was a misprint for "no." This information will relieve a vast number of perplexed inquirers.



THE GENTLE EGOTIST.

The Doctor. "AND WHICH OF YOU TWO LADIES IS THE INVALID?"
 Elder Sister. "I'M SORRY TO SAY IT'S ME, DOCTOR!"

THE ROAD TO RUIN;

Or, *The Real Military Long-Distance Ride.*

"A quarter of a century hence, France will have more than four million trained soldiers, and Russia more than four millions and a half. We may deplore, as we will, this conversion of Europe into a vast camp, but the German Government, witnessing the development of such colossal armies on either hand, cannot be said to propose anything excessive or unnecessary when it asks, as it now does, for the means of raising the trained soldiers of the Empire to 4,400,000."—*The "Times" on the German Army Bills*]

RIDE ON! Ride on! 'Tis a pace will kill!
 Like Smuggler BILL and Exciseman GILL,
 In the *Ingoldsby Legends*, you ride a race
 On a perilous path, at a breakneck pace,
 In a mingled spirit of hate and fear,
 Too hot to heed, and too deaf to hear;
 With a fierce red eye on each other cast,
 And a rate of going that cannot last,
 On a road that leads, as such roads lead all,
 To a crumbling cliff, and a crashing fall.

"The Road to Ruin? Pooh! preacher trite!
 'Tis a gallant race, and in glorious flight,
 With the clinkety-clank of scabbard and
 spur,

O'er moor and meadow, by linden and fir,
 With the wind of speed blowing brisk in one's
 face,

A Long-Distance Ride is a soul-stirring
 race!"

Verily yes,—for the riders gay,
 Saddled softly, in armed array,
 Hand on the bridle, heel at the flank,
 And that martial music, clinkety-clank!

Charming the ear in galloping time
 With the hoofs' hard rattle in clattering
 chime.

Clumpety-clump! Clankety-clink!
 Out on the caitiff who'd pause or shrink!
 Clinkety-clank! Clumpety-clump!

The stout steed's heart at his ribs may
 thump,

In spasms the breath through his nostrils
 pump,

The strained neck droop, though 'tis held at
 stretch,

The labouring lungs in sheer agony fetch
 Blood - mixed - breathings, red - dappled
 foam,—

Let the lash descend, let the spur strike
 home!

Are they not racing? Is not their pride
 Engaged in winning *this* Long-Distance
 Ride?

Excessive? No! Who dares hint so?
 The going's hot, and the steeds must go!

Chargers entered for such a race
 Must not complain of the pounding pace;
 Must not grumble at crushing weight.

Yes; they appear in a piteous state,
 Almost foundered, and well nigh blown.

With the burden big o'er their shoulders
 thrown.

Ever swelling, like miser's sacks;
 But why have horses such broad strong backs,
 If not to bear—to the death at need,

Though lungs may choke, and though flanks
 may bleed?

Ride, ye *militaires*, ruthlessly ride!
 Shouting Emperors hail with pride,

"Gallant" riders, who lash and goad

Their staggering steeds on this desperate
 road;

Their whips are wet, and their spur-points
 gory,

But—beasts must bleed, in the name of
 Glory!

Beasts of burden, ye peoples, still
 Ridden hard by a ruthless will!

Militarism is mounted firm.
 The saddled slaves may shudder and squirm,

The bridled brutes may shy and shrink,
 The road is long, and the gulf's black brink

Seems distant yet, and is scarcely seen
 By the rival riders, whose pride and spleen

Blind them—save to each other's glare,
 To the pace they make, and the weight they

bear,
 Those hot-urged horses! Lash and goad,

Rash riders!—but, at the end of the road,
 When the growing burden's last possible

pound
 Is piled; when the steed's last staggering
 bound

Is made, when the last short, labouring
 breath

Is breathed, when over, in shuddering death,
 The charger rolls, with a sickening crash,

And responds no more to the spur or lash;
 And the gulf yawns close, sheer slope to air,

Black, unavoidable, ruinous there—
 Then, gallant rider, how will you fare?

In the County Council.

CHARRINGTON forgot his manners,
 Pleading for the *Jolly Tanners*;
 He gave his tongue, at serious cost,
 The Licence which the *Tanners* lost.



THE ROAD TO RUIN.



THE ROAD TO HILL



THE TROUBLES OF STALKING!!

Irate Gillis (on discovering in the distance, for the third time that morning, a "Brute of a Man" moving about in his favourite bit of "Forest"). "Oh! DEIL TAKE THE PEOPLE! COME AWA, MUSTER BROWN, SIR; IT'S JUST PREKADILLY!!!"

AN AUTUMN AFTERNOON
AT NAZARETH HOUSE.

O WEALTHY and world-weary triflers, O idle and opulent folk,
For whom time is a foe to be slain, and life's self but a bore or a joke,
Take yourselves, and your hearts, and your purses to Nazareth House and behold
The brave service of well-bestowed time, the brave uses of well-applied gold!
Where is Nazareth House, then, and what?
'Tis in Hammersmith, Madam, a place
That you probably seldom illumine with the light of your beautiful face.
But what? That's a far larger question, full answer to which would take time.
Far better go see for yourself. If there's aught of the moral sublime
In these gold-grubbing days, 'tis in scenes where love-service unbought and unpaid—
A vastly unbusiness-like thing in the eyes of the vassals of Trade!—
Is devoted in silence unseen to the outcast, the old, and the poor.
Five hundred such waifs are here housed, and they yearn to find refuge for more!
That's the pith of the matter, dear Madam! And as for the rest, I've returned
From a visit, and fancy your heart, like my own, would have lightened and burned!
Had you walked through the wards, as I walked, with a Sister as frank and unfeigned
As sweet Charity's servant should be. There was nothing o'er piously strained

In this unrigid Refuge for helplessness. Cheeriness, confidence, mirth
Seemed to reign in these child-crowded rooms—in these wards where the aged, whose birth
Dated well-nigh a century back, whether sewing, or smoking, or prone
On the pallet of sickness, all smiled, and no soul seemed forlorn or alone.
How they sang, those close clustering toddlers, their curly heads tier above tier,
With never a trace of restraint, and unknowing the shadow of fear!
Here timidity checks not the young, and here weariness haunts not the old.
There is laughter on age-shrivelled lips, and the eyes of mere babies are bold
With the confidence born but of love. Even imbeciles, helpless and blind,
Shut out at each sense from full life, yet can feel unseen tendance is kind,
And sit silently placid, or burst into song of a heart-searching sort—
Muffled speech from unplumbed spirit-depths, yet inspired by the impulse of sport.
Have a chat, my dear Madam—shrink not, they are women!—with age-wrinkled dames,
Who are busily bed-quilting here, while the Autumn sun ruddily flames
On the walls from the liberal windows. Bestow but a smile and a jest,
They'll respond with a jest and a smile, for there's life in each age-burdened breast,
And confidence, comfort, and cheer. Here again clustered close round the fire
Are a number of grizzle-lock'd men, every one is a true "hoary sire,"

Bowed, time-beaten, grey, yet alert and responsive to kindness of speech;
And see how old eyes can light up if you promise a pipe-charge a-piece.
For the comforting weed KINGSLEY eulogised is not taboo in this place.
Where the whiff aromatic brings not cold reproval to Charity's face.
Ah! the tale is o'erlong for full telling; but never a bright afternoon
In London's chill leaf-strown October was better bestowed. 'Tis a boon
To be able to speak on behalf of Samaritan kindness so schemed,
In a way in which lovers of man, not of mummeries, ever have dreamed.
On such wise, wide, benevolent lines, with no bondage of class or of creed.
But the helpless Five Hundred still swell, and the Sisterhood feel sorest need
Of enlarging their borders and branches. The children especially swarm,
And for every poor, pale, helpless mite, who can here find a pallet and form,
Home, food, clothing, schooling, life-settlement, love, there are hundreds for whom
And their piteous appeal the response must unwillingly come, "No more room!"
Room, not in their hearts but their wards is this unselfish Sisterhood's lack;
There you, my dear Madam, can help, if your purse-strings a little you'll slack.
The Home for Poor Age, Helpless Childhood, Incurable Sickness, depends
Not on fees or on wealthy endowments, but alms and free service of friends.
Gifts, not only of money, but garments and furniture, beds, tables, chairs,
The Nazareth ladies will welcome—Come! Is there a Christian who cares
For God's poor and the Christ-welcomed children, who will not respond in some way
To the modest appeal of these ladies, who care for the Waif and the Stray?

TO MANKIND IN GENERAL—

THEREFORE TO MR. GLADSTONE IN PARTICULAR.
(See Speech by Miss Cozens at Meeting of Woman's Emancipation Union at Birmingham, Oct. 27.)

THE time is come, beware of "us,"
There's thunder in the air;
Your future's in the care of "us";
Beware of "us"—beware!



We'll cease to coax and "Cozen" you
By fascinating smiles,
And gaily now impose on you
By dynamitic wiles.

A JUDGE'S LAMENT.

[Q.B.D. = Queen's Bench Division.]

AFTER the labours of Vacation,
Ten long weeks with nothing to do,
I feel that I need some recreation,
I'll sit in Court for a week or two:
It's just as well, now and then,
To show yourself to the public ken.
Ah me! who would be
Judge of the High Court, Q.B.D.?

But it's tiring work to sit on the Bench,
Hearing the Counsel, day by day,
Canting and ranting, while
they clench

Their fists, and thump
and hammer away:
Be their arguments
weak or strong,
Whatever I say I'm in
the wrong.

Ah me! who would be,
A badgered Judge of the
Q.B.D.?

Whenever I crack a judi-
cial jest,
Witnesses, jurors, suitors
smile,
They quite understand I
do my best.

A wearisome action to
beguile:
"Silks" and "Juniors"
seem to force,

A jeering laugh as a
matter of course.
Ah me! who would be,
A jocular Judge of the
Q.B.D.?

The public, solicitors,
counsel, frown
And grumble and growl
at the law's delay;

I'm never allowed to stop
in town,
Off on Circuit I'm hur-
ried away:

Election Petitions I'm
made to judge,
On Irish Commissions
I have to drudge.

Ah me! who would be,
A tolling Judge of the
Q.B.D.?

To a *cause célèbre* I don't
object, (me sit,
Leaders of fashion around
My robes and ermine com-
mand respect,

I rather fancy I'm mak-
ing a hit:
If there's a chance of
getting, who knows?
Into *Vanity Fair* or
Madame Tussaud's.

Ah me! who would not be,
A popular Judge of the
Q.B.D.?

When the sittings are in full swing, I'm
bound,
From half past ten till the clock strikes
four,

In Court or in Chambers to be found,
With half an hour for my lunch or more:
Summons and motion and cause I hear,
I'm only paid, five thousand a-year!

Many a man would like to be,
Judge of the High Court Q.B.D.

ANTI-TRIPTYCH OPERA, "*Eugène Onegin*"
at the Olympic. Will it be followed by
Our Jane Twobrands? and subsequently by
the celebrated Opera, *Zetowiski*?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"For graphic touch and keen appreciation
of humour, for easy conversational narration,
give me," quoth the Baron, "the papers now
being published in *Household Words* (most
appropriate place for them), written by MON-
TAGU WILLIAMS, Q.C. and Magistrate." His
paper on Ramsgate, telling how he travelled
down, who his companions were, is as
thoroughly amusing and interesting as his
tribute to the health-giving climate of
Ramsgate is true. These papers under the
comprehensive title of "Round London," are



*Edith (who has picked up a few sporting phrases, and thinks she can instruct her
Governess). "No, I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM MUMMY, BUT I'VE HEARD FROM POPPA.
HE HAS KILLED 137 GROUSE, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHETHER THEY'RE BRACES."*

to be republished in book-form by, as I
believe, Messrs. MACMILLAN, and assuredly
they will be as popular as were the same
author's "Leaves" and "Later Leaves." False sentiment, MONTAGU WILLIAMS, as man
or magistrate, does not encourage. "Strongly
do I recommend his 'Round London.'" says

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

"THE MORRIS DANCE."—NEW FIGURE.—
The *Premier Danseur*, holding laurel-crown,
dances up to WILLIAM MORRIS offering him
the laurel-crown. Will MORRIS? MORRIS
won't. *Premier* retires gracefully, and is seen
approaching LEWIS MORRIS.

TO SOME AUTHORS.

"How did I like that book?" I gained,
From reading it, joy unrestrained;
'Twas perfect—had it but contained
An Index!

Brilliant, yet also erudite,
Profound in facts, in diction light,
Why failed its writer to indite
An Index?

'Twas history, on its social side,
With stories, good to quote, supplied,
Yet how quote anything, denied
An Index?

A book that "He who reads
might run"—
MACAULAY, BOSWELL,
GREEN, in one!
Its Printer, too—what
made him shun
An Index?

I missed a date, barked
back. "A sad!"
You'll say? Perhaps. It
made me mad.
My hunt was vain, because
it had
No Index.

O Authors of instructive
chat,
Supply this want when
next you're at
A book! "*Bis dat qui cito
dat.*"
An Index.

OUR NEW EXAM.

ANSWER any three of the
following five questions:—
I. (a.) What is a cassowary? (b.) Does its
internal construction
render it capable of anthro-
pophagy? (c.) Describe
its habits, nature and
food, and draw an outline
sketch of its skeleton.

II. (a.) Give the latitude
and longitude of Tim-
buctoo. (b.) State the
number and religious belief
of its inhabitants. (c.)
Discuss its natural advan-
tages; (i.) as a port, and
(ii.) as a centre for mission-
ary enterprise.

III. (a.) Is a missionary
best when served (i.) *au
naturel*; (ii.) *à la maître
d'hôtel*, or, (iii.) *aux petites
livrettes de psaumes*? Dis-
cuss the advantages of each
method of preparation;
(b.) Quote any advice given
by (i.) LUCULLUS, or (ii.)
EPICURUS on this subject.

IV. What version of the Prayer-book is
in use amongst the natives of Central Africa?
V. Discuss the authorship of the poem
entitled *Timbuctoo*, and adduce any reasons
for believing JULIUS CÆSAR to have written it.

THE OTHER PAPER.—MR. NEWNES is
bringing out a rival to the *Pall Mall Gazette*.
Is it to be published before the *P. M. G.*, or
later in the day? If the first, its title might
be *The Noon's Paper*; if the latter, *The
After-Newnes Paper*. Whichever you like,
my little dear! Mr. N. pays his money and
takes his choice. Anyhow, "NEWNES' PAPER"
is a marketable commodity.



THE HUNTING SEASON. THE MEET.

THE STEPNEY THAT COSTS.

["The circumstances will indeed have to be very remarkable to take two Judges into Stepney."—*Baron Pollock, re Stepney Election Petition, Oct. 26.*]

I CHANCED to meet a man the other day,
Whose store of legal knowledge was amazing,
He stormed at me in quite the stormiest way,
With fiery indignation simply blazing.
I wondered if he'd lost his (legal) hair
(Forgive the phrase) against a demi-rep? Nay!
They'd really ventured to presume to dare
To ask a Judge or two to go to Stepney!
Now if it had been merely Peckham Rye,
They would have gone at once, and gone right gladly.
Then Brondesbury, Barnet—New or High,—
Or Shepherd's Bush would not have done so badly.
Penge would have brought the Crystal Palace near,
And Kensington's Olympia made their soul burn,
They'd have enjoyed the jaunt to Greenwich Pier,
And Heaven had been synonymous with Holborn.
Oh! had it been Soho or Maida Vale
It would have been of course another story. A
Delightful trip to Euston could not fail
To please as much as Broad Street or Victoria.
Belgravia would have suited very well,
They could have done with Balham, Bow, or Brixton,
With Flower-laden Battersea. But tell
Me if you can—oh! why was Stepney fixt on?

ROBERT'S VISIT TO IRELAND.

WELL, it isn't for one like me to say as how as good luck means virtue rewarded, cos I have, in my long xperience, seen not a werry few cases where it wasn't so—no, not by no manner of means.



"I was that staggered, that I could hardly answer him."

But this I can most trowly say, that my slice of luck during this larst month is worthy of being called a reel staggerer! And this is how it cum about:—

The Amerrycain Gent, at the Grand Hotel, wanted a change for about a weak or two, and he naterally asked me what he shoold do. I made lots of wise suggeshons, in course, such as Margate, and Grinnidge, and Hern Bay, and other hilly arrister-ocratic places, but they none on 'em woodn't do. So presently he calls out, "Did you ever go to Ireland?" I was that staggered, that I could arldy arnser him; but then I says, "Yes, Sir—but it were sum time ago." Then he staggers me much more violently, for he says, says he, "Why shooldn't you go with me then, and be my Wally!" When I recovered my breth, I says, "I don't know as our gentelmanly Manager here woud spare me." So he says, "I'll soon see about that." So he rings the bell violently, and arks for him—and he cums—and, to my serprize, he doesn't make not no objecshun at all, which was, in course, werry complementary to me, and, strange to say, no more did Mrs. ROBERT, when I told her of it.

Well, I passes over all pre-limnerry derangements, till we finds ourselves on board a lovely steamer, bound for Old Ireland, as we allus calls her, tho' I don't espouse as she's any older than the rest on us. It was that ruff that I perposed waitin till the sea got smooth; but my Master ony larft, and sed I shoold be all rite if I follered his advice, as he was used to the sea, and rayther liked it a little ruffish. So he got me a sheet of brown paper to put on my

manly chest, and gave me some champagne, and one glass of Perottie Sline, I think he called it, and, with their ade, I got over much better than I xpected.

We went as strate as we could go to the Lakes of Killarny, and if that isn't jest about as lovely a plaice as the hole world can show, why then let sumbody show me another as is. If anybuddy asked me if it never rained there, truth woud make me say yes, it most suttently does sumtimes, but then so it does ewerywheres in ollidy time excep where it's most speshally wanted.

My Guvner's fust harty larf was at dinner on the fust day, when he told me to ring for sum pepper. TIM the Waiter arnsered the bell, and I told him what was wanted, and I scarce xpects to be bleevd when I says, as he cums back and he says, says he, "If you please, Sir, sure the Pepper's engaged!" I thort the Guvner woud ha larfed hisself hill, but he soon recovered, and said, "Thin niver mind TIM, we'll do without it to-day, but let us have fust turn at it to-morrow." "Suttently, your honour," says TIM, and wanishes.

The next day, after driving us round the naybourhood, he came in without being asked, and goes to the fire and warms his hands, and then says with a broad grin, "Sure it's a jolly lucky cupple as you are, for the rains a bustin down like thunder!" When handing the unpeeled Potatoes to the Guvner he woud pint his finger at one and say, "That's a rale buty, Sir!"

I espouse as the Guvner was rayther libberal to TIM, when we left, as all reel gentelman allus is, for the tears aschally came into the pore feller's eyes, and he blessed us both, and wished as a few more gentelman like us woud sumtimes wisit poor old Ireland!

We stayed about a fortnight, but we didn't see another Waiter like poor TIM, who was the werry fust humane being as hever called me a gentelman, pore feller! but we had a werry nice time of it on the hole, which I may p'raps elude to sum day, when things ain't quite so briek as they is just now, and I must say as my Guvner behaved like the reel Gennelman as he is, when we cum for to settel up.

ROBERT.

SECUNDUM HARTY.

["I have even gone as low as 1d. a course . . . with enough success as to elicit effusive eulogies from some distinguished literary persons . . ."
—*Mr. Ernest Hart in "Where are the Cooks?"—Daily Graphic, Oct. 18.*]

Oh! where are the Cooks;
where on earth can they be?
Pray, hark to the House-
keeper's pitiful moan.
Mr. HART seems to know, and
he tells us, with glee,
Of a plan which is his, and is
his, too, alone.

It's a plan for a dinner, that's
easily shown
To be cheap, and of pleasure
the joy-giving source,
'Tis a wonderful plan—hear
the epicure groan—
It costs just exactly one penny
a course.

The dinner's Hartistic. Sweet
HART says that he
Had a meal fit to soften the
heart of a stone,
There were guests—men of
letters, and lofty degree—

Who were pleased, and not only saw fit to condone,
But who ransacked each country, land, continent, zone,
For encomiums of praise, till they really grew hoarse.
But would they have done so, had only they known
It cost just exactly one penny a course?

Yes, a penny a head. It's not 'easy to see
How it's done for the price of a bun or a scone.
When the Mistress and Cook find it hard to agree,
And the former of these is provokingly prone
With the latter to pick a most terrible bone,
When it seems that disaster must follow perforce,
Oh! whisper them this in a Hart-rending tone—
It costs just exactly one penny a course!

L'ENVOI.

O Host, if all other ideas have flown,
Remember this plan as a final resource,
Be Harty! Be Earnest! Make his plan your own!
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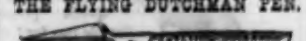
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GOLD MEDAL, Health Exhibition, London; HIGHEST AWARD, Adelaide, 1887.

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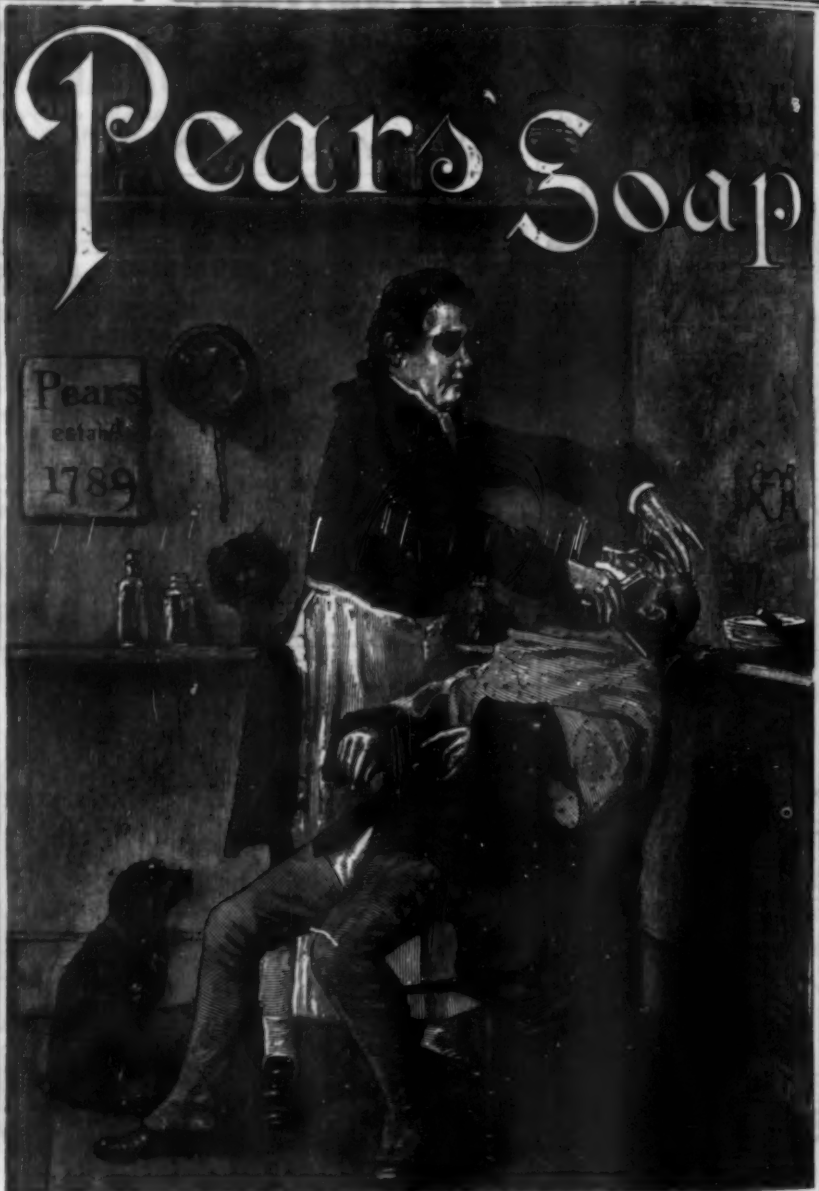
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